

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Power of Prayer.

FROM "PRELUDES," BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

O world, great world, now thou art all my own,
In the deep silence of my soul I stay
The current of thy life, though the wild day
Surges around me, I am all alone;—
Millions of voices rise, yet my weak tone
Is heard by Him who is the Light, the Way,
All Life, all Truth, the centre of Love's ray;
Glamor, O Earth, the great God hears my moan!
Prayer is the talisman that gives us all,
We conquer God by the force of His love,
He gives us all; when prostrate we implore—
The Saints must listen; prayers pierce Heaven's wall;
The humblest soul on earth, when mindful of
Christ's promise, is the greatest conqueror.

A Trip to Jerusalem.

LEAVES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

(CONTINUED.)

All the country within view of Mount Thabor has been consecrated by the footsteps of our Divine Saviour, and the extended view from its summit is one that cannot be surpassed in interest. Taking the mount as the centre of a radius extending from six to ten miles, we behold on every side the scenes of some of the most remarkable events in Bible history. The student of profane history also finds here matter of interest. Looking towards the north, we behold the Campo de Spica, or "Field of Spears," where were fought some of the bloodiest battles in the annals of the Jewish nation, and also the scene of a terrific engagement between the Christian army under Guy de Lusignan and the Saracen hosts, in the time of the Crusades. The Christians fought against overpowering odds, perhaps one to ten, and after the Mount of Beatitudes was taken, lost, and retaken perhaps as often as five or six times, the Christian army had finally to yield to the overwhelming numbers brought to bear against it. Here, at the village of Ech-Chedjara, also, Napoleon and Kleber on the 16th of April, 1799, with a handful of troops drove back a Mussulman army of 25,000 men. At a short distance, it is said the intrepid Murat, at the head of a small detachment, was surrounded by a large army of Mahometans. Murat, notwithstanding the fearful odds of the enemy, had determined to hold out to the last, and to give them at best a dear-bought victory. He himself fought with superhuman strength, and the waving of his white plume amid the Moslem host nerved on his brave followers to similar

daring feats of arms. It is said that after the battle the marshal's sword-arm and body were covered with gore. When asked how it was that with such a mere handful of men he attempted to cope with such an army, the hero answered that the recollection of the Transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Thabor, directly opposite, nerved him with such courage that he recked not the odds. He withstood the Moslems until a small reinforcement, which on the banks of the Jordan heard the firing, came to his relief, and enabled him to put the enemy to flight.

The Field of Spears has a gradual ascent from Cana of Galilee till it reaches the point, or peak, called the Mount of Beatitudes, distant about seven miles from Mount Thabor. From the Mount of Beatitudes there is rather an abrupt descent towards the memorable Lake Tiberias, sometimes called the Lake of Genesareth, and Sea of Galilee, on the banks of which is the modern city of Tiberias, built, like Nazareth and other places, on the site and from the ruins of the ancient city, and within a half-hour's walk are "The Stones of the Five Loaves," marking the place where our Lord fed thousands with a few loaves and fishes. Even the Mussulmans preserve the tradition, and to this day call the dark basaltic rocks Hedjar el Khamse Khobzat—"The Stones of the Five Loaves." M. de Saulcy, whose judgment, owing to the extent of his travels and his scientific and æsthetic cultivation, may be readily accepted, says that our Saviour selected for his vivifying work one of the most beautiful scenes to be found in the world.

The Sea of Tiberias, in whose storied waters I took a plunge bath, is an expansion of the waters from Lake Merom, at the foot of Mount Lebanon. The lower Jordan takes its rise in this sea, or rather lake, and runs its sinuous course in a southerly direction until it empties into the Dead Sea. On the north bank of the lake are the ruins of Capharnaum, Corazain and Bethsaida, the last two of which will be remembered by the merited reproach of our Lord: "Woe to thee, Corazain, woe to thee, Bethsaida: for if in Tyre and Sidon the mighty works have been done that have been done in you, they would long ago have done penance in sackcloth and ashes. . . . And thou Capharnaum, shalt thou be exalted up to heaven? thou shalt go down even unto hell."* Capharnaum, ten miles further north, and also on the banks of Lake Genesareth, was in ancient times a very large and important city, judging from the extent of the ruins round and about where it probably stood; the prophecy, however, has been so strictly and literally fulfilled that the exact site of the city cannot be traced. That learned investigator of biblical antiquities, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, speaking of the hills covered with blocks of lava, commanding the western flank

* St. Matthew, xi, 21, 23.

of the Ayn-el-Medaouarah—where, says the still more learned and equally zealous De Saulcy (who visited the country at the same time we were there, and has since given a minute description of his travels in two volumes), Josephus places Capharnaum, and where it undoubtedly stood—says: “I ascended it, therefore, excited with the eager hope of finding some trace of a former site, which then I should hardly have hesitated to consider as the remains of Capernaum, but my hope ended in disappointment; a few stones had indeed been thrown together, but there was nothing which could indicate that any town or village had ever occupied the spot.” Learned investigators have differed considerably in locating the site of Capharnaum, some even placing it at the ruins of Chinneroth (which once gave its name to the lake); others, and among them Quaresimus and Robinson, supposing it might be at Ayn-et-Tineh—the “Spring of the Fig Tree.” The learned De Saulcy, however, following Josephus, seems to have located it beyond all doubt, namely at the spring which Josephus calls Capharnaum. De Saulcy says: “It seems to me impossible to question the identity of the spring inclosed within the stone reservoir, which I have just described [about fifteen minutes’ walk from the hamlet of El-Medjdel—the “Fortress”—and beyond the Nahr] now called Ayn-el-Medaouarah—the Circular Fountain”—with the spring mentioned by Josephus, and which he denominates the fountain of Capharnaum. This last watered and fertilized the plain of Gennesar: the Ayn-el-Medaouarah still waters and fertilizes this same plain of Gennesar, now called El-Rhoueyr [“the Small Morass”]. . . . The fountain of Josephus produced shoals of small fishes; the Circular Fountain still contains the progeny of the same fishes mentioned by Josephus; consequently we are on the territory of Capharnaum when we arrive at the Ayn-el-Medaouarah.”

Corazain is about two miles north of Capharnaum, but the exact location of Bethsaida is a matter of dispute, some placing it on the east, others on the west bank of the Jordan. De Saulcy thinks that Bethsaida-Julias, where the ruins of Tel-Houm are to be seen, is the most probable site, and quotes Josephus and other authorities in support of his supposition. We will not attempt to enter into this matter of dispute, upon which so many learned men have disagreed. Ruins and sepulchral caves are to be seen everywhere around, and the passing traveller is likely to be taken up mostly with generalities and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. Birds and animals are to be seen in abundance, and our ears are often greeted with the screams of the jackals. I can never forget the stormy night on the hills above Nazareth, when the shrill cries of these famished animals first burst on the startled ears of our party, and the commanding officer cried out in alarm: “Stand ready, men—the Arabs are on us!” “Stand ready, men, the Arabs are on us!” was afterwards a standing joke among the party until I separated from them. The jackals seem to be a species of fox, and are to be seen in great numbers throughout the Holy Land. The dead poor, criminals and others, are not buried in this country, but, as in the time of our Lord, are simply thrown into the open sepulchres hewn in the rock, and the next morning nothing can be seen but well-picked bones, the jackals having devoured every morsel of flesh. I should not wonder in the least that these jackals are the foxes mentioned in Scripture, whose great numbers made then a scourge and an object of dread to the people on account of their dep-

redations in the fields and vineyards. We read also that Sampson tied together a number of foxes by their tails, to which combustibles were fastened and set on fire, and sent them through the enemy’s country, carrying destruction wherever they went. Gazelles are also numerous around the Lake of Genesareth; they are beautiful animals, and about two feet in height. Tigers are also occasionally seen; the latter prey upon the gazelles and other smaller or weaker animals. Hence it is never safe to venture out unarmed, and every traveller carries his gun and a brace of pistols ready for immediate use. Even at church, you can see bands of Catholic Arabs and travellers assisting at Mass thus accoutred. These Catholic Bedouin Arabs are excellent Christians, and would put to the blush our milk-and-water Catholics in America. Their Mohammedan brethren, however, are given to theft and plunder, and seem to take special delight in stripping “the Christian dogs,” as they call us, of their property and clothing, even to the very skin. Although Mohammedans in religion, the spirit of race is very strong among them; they hate the Turks almost as much as they do the Christians, and apply to them the epithet of “Turkish dogs.”

Incredulity, an Unnatural and Untenable Position.

On the very threshold of existence we are called upon to believe. The child must take the judgment of those upon whom he is dependent, or he becomes the pest of his circle, an indocile, untractable being. He must believe his parents, be guided by them, and avoid danger, or death will be the consequence. And who is by nature more trustful, more confiding than the little child? His confidence in those around him is the proof as well as the charm of his artlessness, his innocence. Nothing is more unchild-like than distrust. Here we find the unmistakable evidence that incredulity is unnatural; now let us show that it is equally untenable.

The skeptic says: “I do not believe that which I cannot understand; that which seems to contradict my reason shall never receive my assent. I recognize no authority for the mysteries of faith, therefore I shall not accept them.”

Wait, my good friend. Are you about to discard science altogether? Do you wish to subside into barbarism? I trust not. Granted! If so you will find yourself constantly under the necessity of taking on trust that which you cannot understand. Indeed, you must admit that science is full of facts which cannot be explained in any other way. You are too highly enlightened not to accord your allegiance to science, therefore you are convicted of standing on untenable ground.

You dare not question the authority of great scientists, of a Laplace, or a Kepler, for if you do you will be laughed to scorn. Examine, if you will, the entire range of human investigation; analyze with the most searching scrutiny each point of scientific principle, and you will be *driven*, if you go not freely, to the inevitable conclusion that science rests on mystery. No branch is an exception, although its laws may boast the utmost clearness and exactitude.

Founded, as they are, on the most accurate observation and the most mature experience, those sciences which have been brought to complete perfection and which are called the exact sciences, follow the one rule. We may pronounce

their principles self-evident. It alters not the matter. All depend on truths of a higher nature, which even the scientist himself cannot explain. He may be so fool-hardy as to make the attempt, but he cannot approach. He is under the necessity of *admitting* them. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," God has said to the waves of the sea, and thus has He spoken to the intellect of man.

When Sir Isaac Newton startled the world by the results of his deep study, by his profound calculations, many of his disciples could confirm by their own convictions the justice of his scientific deductions. They could philosophise, and make conjectures upon the theories of this wonderful naturalist, yet when they sought to explain the truths on which his theories were founded, they were forced to acknowledge their inability. Why? Because every science is itself a mystery.

We hear of the "undevout astronomer." Such may exist. If there be an anomaly of the kind, he does not admit the mysteries of faith. He studies for years the laws which regulate the heavenly bodies. His observations prove to him that there are certain forces causing one heavenly body to revolve about another. He knows the combined action of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces keeps the planets in a circular path. Can he tell why it is that these combined forces do not cause the celestial orbs to speed on forever, away from the earth, in a straight course? It is evident he cannot. Surely "the heavens declare the glory of God." In the words of Addison:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky
And spangled heavens, a shining flame,
Their great Original proclaim.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found.

In Reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine
The Hand that made us is divine."

Physiology is a science no less mysterious than astronomy. How wonderfully is life sustained by the process of respiration! For example, the child cannot comprehend it, and yet is he at liberty to deny the fact? Indeed the greatest of all mysteries is our own existence.

In the "Genius of Christianity" we read: "The Eternal has placed our birth and our death under the form of two veiled phantoms at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour. There is nothing beautiful, sweet or grand in life but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly, are enveloped in obscurity. Modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts that love understand each other by a single word. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because as yet it knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence."

There can be no more conclusive proof of the existence of a God than the mysteries of material creation. Not only do the stars proclaim His hidden power, but the fickle cloud-land whispers its universality. Huge mountains

to-day give forth the declaration as, on Sinai of old, amid thunders, clouds, and supernatural surroundings, the Ten Commandments were revealed to the Israelites to proclaim His invincible presence.

The sidereal heavens, which though inexpressibly grand, are systematic beyond the powers of human invention; the broad ocean spreading its immense sheet of water over two-thirds of the globe; the volcano with its boiling crater, the abrupt precipice, the unfathomable cavern, the rushing cataract, and the rapid whirlpool, all speak of God in a mystic language. "There is a God, the herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless Him; the insect sports in His beams; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity—man alone has said 'There is no God.'"

The principal reason why incredulity is becoming so widely spread, is that infidel writers and lecturers are doing all in their power to overthrow the great work of Christianity. But what means does the skeptic employ to convince his disciples? Is it by theological argument? Is it by logical deductions? No! Far from it. It is by force of ridicule, that last weapon of error against truth. By ridicule, Voltaire succeeded in shaking the faith of the eighteenth century. Did he succeed in making religion despicable to the wise and pure? No. This unfortunate man had to deal with an enervated and frivolous generation. His volatile audience was taken by his sophistry enforced by the tricks of oratory. Their inclinations were in harmony with his. They were but too willing to accept his argument of ridicule, therefore his success.

One of the principal topics of the day is "Independent Morality." The defenders of this theory bring forward what they call a "philosophical claim of reasoning," by which they attempt to solve the vexed problem of right and wrong, without reference to God. They declare that right and wrong exist, irrespective of His jurisdiction. The object of this theory is to separate the law of morals from the Divine Law-Giver; to ignore Christianity; in a word, to resolve all morality into so-called reason.

When the incredulous man of letters ridicules the ancient traditions of pagan nations,—with which he would gladly confound the revelations of Christianity; when he laughs at the Hindoo who believes the globe is sustained by an elephant,—the animal he worships; when he smiles at the adorers of the sun, and at the poor Indian who bows down to the "Great Spirit," he little dreams that in his theory of "Evolution" he is defending a system equally untenable. While he traces every species of existence back to an original protoplast—formed, he pretends not to say how,—but by laws independent of any creative act whatever, he aims a death-blow at all idea of design, and a Designer, and presents creation as the result of mechanical laws, or, in plainer terms, as the product of chance.

Nature is the work of an Omnipotent Architect, and this is what the materialists of to-day deny. Yet, when these men are accused of materialism, or atheism, they say they are misrepresented, but how can they prove that they are? Of them it may be said they are but little better than the atheist, and we may add, in the words of another, "Beyond all credulity is the credulousness of atheists, who believe that chance could make the world, when it cannot build a house."

MISS ANNA E. WOODIN.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Art, Music and Literature.

—John Curran Keegan, A. B., is preparing the life and speeches of his illustrious grandfather, the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler is writing a life of Peter the Great. Mr. Schuyler is married to a sister of Madame Waddington.

—A Milanese journal enumerates twelve composers who have set "Romeo and Juliet" to music: Benda, Dresden, 1772; Schwanberg, Brunswick, 1782; Marescalchi, Rome, 1789; Rumling, Carlsberg, 1790; Dalayrac, Paris, 1792; Steibelt, Paris, 1793; Zingarelli, Milan, 1796; Giuglielmo, 1816; Vaccai, 1826; Bellini, 1830; Marchetti, 1865; Gounod, 1867.

—The building in Baltimore once the Charles Street Theatre is deemed unsafe, and the city authorities have ordered its removal. It has not been a theatre since 1856, but for many years before that was somewhat famous. John E. Owens was one of its managers, and first appearances on any stage were made there by Maggie Mitchell, John Wilkes Booth, Edwin Adams, and John S. Clarke.

—The city of Antwerp has been in a state of delirium over an immense celebration, in which the whole population took part, in honor of Gounod, the composer of Faust. An address, printed on parchment in illuminated letters after the style of 1578, and said to be a work of art, was presented to the composer by the widow of the late burgomaster of the city. At the same time Gounod received his portrait, painted by the President of the Antwerp Academy of Art.

—Though Mr. Irving's idea of an Irish drama, based on the career of Robert Emmet, has been deferred, it has not been abandoned. The reason it has not been followed up is that the playwright intrusted with the work proved inadequate to his task. His blank verse was good enough, and his situations sufficiently sensational, but he failed to cast the central character in a mould satisfactory to the tragedian. Mr. Irving's ideal of the Irish patriot is that of an ardent, high-souled visionary, whose enthusiasm, wild in its aim, is glorified by noble qualities. The creation of the author was more suitable to the melodramatic standard than to the ideas of the lessee of the Lyceum, who paid off the dramatist in disgust, and is at present waiting for some genius competent to realize his dream.

—The newest volume in the Golden Treasury Series is an edition of the "Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare" by Francis Turner Palsgrave. A somewhat remarkable feature about the volume is that the preface and remarks on the poems are placed at the end, and not at the beginning of the book. Mr. Palsgrave explains this new departure by saying that there are a few men like Virgil, Homer, Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare, who have "moved through the ages in a long triumph," and whose greatness is so conspicuous and imperial that they have obtained a prescriptive right to appear century after century without the formality of an introduction by other hands. So far as the dramatic works of Shakespeare are concerned, we cordially endorse the remark; but if an introductory notice be not needed for his "Songs and Sonnets," we are of opinion that something in the nature of an apology for them would not be out of place.

Scientific Notes.

—Godless science, says Colley, reads nature only as Milton's daughters did Hebrew—rightly syllabing the sentences, but utterly ignorant of the meaning.

—The following method of testing petroleum is by Drs. Janke and Barth: The temperature of the oil is raised to 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the water-bath in ten minutes. When the temperature indicates 95 degrees the oil is stirred, and when it rises to 100 degrees a flame is applied.

—A strange natural formation was found by the party engaged in surveying the line for the road from Fresno, (Colorado) to Mammoth City. It is a mountain of stone columns. They are of a dark colored, close grained stone, and are in shape three, four, five, and six cornered, and

some of them are two feet in diameter and eighty feet in length. They are as regular in shape as if they had been made by the hand of man.

—A young French girl, who was terribly burned at the destruction of the French Catholic church, Holyoke, had a new scalp engrafted over the top of her head, the skin for the purpose being taken in small bits from the arms of her parents. The girl has now a good head of hair, which appeared to root and spread over the new surface from the part of the scalp that was not burned. The engrafting process was a complete success.

—Some fiend in human shape went into the electric battery room at a San Francisco hotel the other day and turned the whole force of the forty-eight Ruhmkoff coils on the reverse way at once. Instantly loud shrieks resounded through the corridors, and in the next ten minutes the waiters found over sixty guests hanging by their thumbs to the electric buttons in their rooms, capering round like maniacs and yelling for release. One old lady was drawn up into such a knot that two doctors had not got her flattened out at the time of the report.

—In the recent issues of the Patent Office we find devices for unhairing machines (removing hair from hides?), honey-comb foundations, to save the labor of bees so that they will attend strictly to regular business; boot and shoes polishing machines, to render bootblacks superfluous; corpse coolers, hog scalders, and, lastly, a combined accordion and flute. Either one of these instruments, according to the popular impression, is capable of inflicting great suffering on all in their vicinity; but combined and patented, they would seem to prevent possibilities sufficiently terrible to fill the most unthinking person with apprehension.

—Professor Nordenskjöld, who has made a daring voyage along the North coast of Asia, calls attention to a group of islands which are very remarkable from a scientific point of view. These islands, the New Siberian, open the book of the history of the world at a new place. The ground there is strewn with wonderful fossils. Whole hills are covered with the bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, horses, uri, bison, oxen, sheep, etc. The sea washes up ivory upon the shores. In this group is possibly to be found the solution of the question of the ancestry of the Indian elephant, and important facts with regard to the vertebrates which existed at the time of man's first appearance upon earth. How came horses and sheep in a region now locked in the fetters of an eternal winter, uninhabited by man, not now supporting animal life in any form, and almost impossible of access? Professor Nordenskjöld was unable to solve the question himself, and he suggests that it is of the utmost importance to science to send a light-draught steel steamer to those islands for a thorough explanation.

Exchanges.

—*The Volante*, from the University of Chicago, comes to us this week with a request to exchange, with which we cheerfully comply.

—We learn from *The Kenyon Advance* that the *College Mercury* still flourishes at Racine. We have had but one visit from the *Mercury* since September last.

—The *Queen's College Journal* (Kingston, Canada), like good wine, improves as it grows older. "De Nobis Nobilibus" and the Royal College departments in the last number are first-class.

—The *Quarterly*, published at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont., has changed its title to *The Hamilton School Magazine*, which will be published monthly. The first number contains a thoughtful article on "The Verb," "Answers to Questions at the London University Matriculation Examinations," useful to both teachers and students, a well-written Sketch of the Life of Goldsmith, a large number of Mathematical Problems and Solutions, etc., etc. *The School Magazine* not only fills a want, but does it well.

—*The Portfolio*, published at Hamilton, Canada, every

succeeding number of which pleases us as much as the first one, thinks "*Æquitas*" acted strangely in assuming the position of "a leader of public opinion" in the article on Voltaire, published in the *SCHOLASTIC*. The exchange editor of *The Portfolio* seems to make no account of the dash separating the headlines, and that the sub-headings were not separated from the body of the matter. Our fair critical friend is partly right, however: the three sub-headings of the article showing Voltaire as a man, as a writer, and as a leader of public opinion would have been more clearly located by prefixing the numerals I, II, and III, to the sub-headings; but as ours is a weekly paper none of those connected with its editorial management can give it as much time as they could wish. "*Æquitas*" may well feel proud of the graceful compliment paid him by *The Portfolio*.

—The exchange editor of *The Philomathean* says "the N. D. S. calls us out of name when he refers to us as courteous." Sorry to hear it. From what we had previously seen of *The Philomathean* we had no reason to judge otherwise than that the exchange editor was courteous, although he differed with us; but he should know himself best. Because people differ from us in religion or politics is no reason why we should not be courteous to them and they to us. He throws the "sectarian" toward us again, this time in parenthesis, but we don't catch it. Matter in parenthesis is the property of the writer, and we leave it to the writer. Sorry to see that the editor is so closely tied up in his "sectarian" bands; wished to make him share our own freedom, but as he is determined to remain tied we cannot help him, and leave him fettered. He says we "can't hurt" his devil; we can. The devil is very proud, would take half a dozen thrashings before a contemptuous look, and we hold him in supreme contempt. He cannot eat salt with us.

—It is with pleasure we extend the hand of welcome to the *Burlington Weekly Argus*, edited by Chas. J. Baker, the first number of which we have received. We believe the new paper will from its nature prove particularly valuable to the people of that vicinity. It holds itself independent of all parties, and free to criticize the actions of all when they render themselves liable to criticism. The bulk of its matter will be devoted to the important local and general news of the day, together with other valuable information. The editor is by no means young in the profession, and when formerly engaged in the journalistic profession was considered one of Iowa's best editors. Judging from the first number of his new paper, we predict that the enterprise will prove a success. It is a good thing for the country to have two or more political parties, and the nearer they are equal in strength, the better; for political parties will eventually become corrupt, and one proves a check on the other. But it is still more essential to have patriotic, honest and independent statesmen and journalists, who while being inimical to none will watch all, and report their shortcomings.

—We have them now—the *SCHOLASTIC*, the *College Journal* and the *Archangel*. There they are in the order named, each claiming, with the *Virginia University Magazine*, to be second to no college paper in the land.—*Niagara Index*.

What can the fellow be driving at? When did any one connected with the *SCHOLASTIC* make the claim he refers to? Never. We are not the conceited popinjays he takes us for. When we or our successors are silly enough to put forward such a claim in behalf of our paper, without being entitled to it, then will it be time enough to twit us or them with the folly. The only excuse we can find for the outrageous assertions of this exchange editor of the *Index* is, that a large stock of small wit has disordered his mental faculties, and he draws too heavily on a weak imagination. He ought to be put out of harm's way. The *Georgetown College Journal* will probably soon find itself compelled to repeat the trouncings given the *Index* man last year. As regards the *Virginia University Magazine*, the *Index* man had better keep out of its way. He was not a little Froudish in his quotations when holding up some of the *Magazine's* utterances for analysis in his previous number; he may think there was legerdemain enough in his use of inverted commas and manipulation of the context, but it was altogether too thin. If Froude had not fallen from grace as a historian, however, the

Index man's facility with the inverted commas might have given him a chance as second fiddle.

—The exchange editor of the *Amherst Student* takes us to task for criticisms of ours on some historical points in a Junior prize essay published in the *Student* some weeks ago. That essay, unfortunately, was on a religious subject, and so strong is prejudice in some quarters that if a Catholic be as wise as Solomon and as just as Aristides he is to be snubbed at once if he attempts a defence of his principles when they are attacked. In the prize essay in question, some things that never existed were represented as facts, and facts were stated to be directly the opposite of what they really were, or are. This much we ventured to say—after praising the merits of the composition,—explaining away the errors, and showing things in their true light. And for this we are condemned—as if, no matter what injustice be heaped upon us, we are to take it all, after the fashion of slaves. The editor says: "The author of this essay is severely censured for his bigotry and lack of historical knowledge." For his lack of historical knowledge, yes; for his bigotry, no. We did not even once use the term "bigot," nor any word or words that could reasonably be considered its equivalent. We made no charge against the writer,—our charges were against the unhistorical errors in his essay, which we attributed, not to any ill-will or bigotry on his part, but to the Froudish histories he had read. Such questions generally have two sides, and a person is fit to pass judgment on them only when he has seen both sides. If our arguments were wrong, why not rebut them, instead of charging, not us (we thank the editor for his rather doubtful personal compliment), but the *SCHOLASTIC* with bigotry. In what is the *SCHOLASTIC* bigoted? Name a single point, and give us an opportunity of seeing our error or convincing you of mistaken identity. Will the editor of the *Student* be good enough to give us the definition of "bigot" as he understands it? If it applies to a person who has taken all pains to ascertain the truth, who sticks to it when he has found it, and who, without forcing his opinions on anyone, is ready to defend it when attacked, then he can set us down as a bigot, according to his definition, but this will not agree with Worcester's or Webster's definition of the word. The writer in the *Student* says "the *SCHOLASTIC* has one standard by which it judges everything, and that is the Roman Catholic Church. One would think to read this paper that the Roman Church had never made a mistake [in faith and morals, never], and that all its members were angels [Alas, no!]. Far be it from us to underestimate in the least the glory due to this organization, for we are conscious of its having done a power of good. But on the other hand, that it has committed some of the most grievous blunders, and that Rome has been the centre from which has originated some of the most despicable political intrigues is the universal voice of history." Of Froudish history perhaps; but not of such history as that written by Alison, Cantu, Alzog, Darras, and others who should best know and understand the questions of which they treated. We can assure the writer, in the words of Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, that if the Church were but a twentieth part as corrupt in faith and morals as it is represented we would no longer remain within its pale—no, not for an hour. The only real attempt at refutation made by the *Amherst* editor is in the following sentences:

"But we notice that he has been viewing the question through glasses which are decidedly colored, for he proves several of his assertions by referring to Vasari, who was a writer especially patronized by Pope Clement the Seventh. It is an old saying that the insane man thinks everyone else is in the same condition as himself. So if this worthy exchange editor would remove his colored spectacles, he would be surprised to find that it was himself who had been looking upon distorted facts. We would also take the liberty to inform him that Vasari is no longer considered as authority except in so far as he copied the ideas of his contemporaries. Before the worthy editor again takes upon himself the part of a critic we would advise him to lay aside his colored spectacles and his Vasari, and he will then doubtless be able to give a criticism more worthy of his genius and the paper which he represents."

He is ingenious at turning a point, but his ingenuity fails him here. We rested none of our historical points on Vasari, for the very good reason that Vasari was not a historian, but simply a biographer of eminent painters,

sculptors, etc., so that our friend of the *Student* gives himself away completely by alluding to him as a historian. The very fact he concedes, that Vasari was especially patronized by Pope Clement, only bears out our assertion that the Rome of the Popes was always the patroness of literature, the arts, and sciences, as we could assure our friend if we had time and space. Vasari's works are now in English; if our friend wishes to see them he will find them translated by Miss Tytler,—a non-Catholic lady, if we mistake not. In conclusion, we would ask the editor of the *Student* one question: If your religious or political principles are misrepresented, or your church or party slandered, even unintentionally, are you wrong in clearing them (and with them yourself,) from the imputation?

—The SCHOLASTIC supplies its readers with the usual amount of light reading matter culled from handy Encyclopædias.—*Niagara Index*, Dec 20.

The foregoing is but the reproduction of a stereotyped expression that the exchange editor of the *Index* has kept pigeon-holed for occasional use for years past. We have heretofore taken the matter in thought, and let the writer have his fling for what it was worth; but now, as he sees above, we have helped him to give his charge a wider circulation, among some five or six thousand readers scattered from Canada to Louisiana, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Golden Gate. We will, however, do more than that, and after giving it the length of its halter we will nail the—what shall we call it?—just there. Going back to the first number of the SCHOLASTIC for November (we suppose that is far enough), we have "Revivimus," an original poem by a talented graduate, T. A. Dailey, of '74, "Man's Future the Result of his own Actions," by Geo. E. Clarke (Law of '81), and an article on "Schiller," by Jno. B. Berteling (Scientific '80), a young countryman of that poet, "The American Catholic Quarterly," as the principal articles; we defy the *Index* exchange editor's jaundiced eye to detect any encyclopedic matter in any of them. In the number for November the 8th we have an original poem "In Memory of N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C., "Shakespeare," by Richard H. Russell (Classical '82), "The Study of Flowers," by Miss R. A. Ewing, of St. Mary's Academy, "Letter from an Old Student," and an article on "The Ventilation of our New College"—if the *Index* man find any cribbed encyclopedic matter in any of these he has better eyes than we have. In the number for November the 15th, "Notre Dame as seen from St. Mary's" (poetry), by Eliza Allen Starr, one of our occasional contributors, "The Year 1000," "In the Evening Weeping, but in the Morning Gladness," (poetry), by an esteemed friend, R. V. R., an article on "Labor," by a student "B. L.," an article on "Penmanship," and another on "Terrible Talkers," by the editor. Any encyclopedia there? We can't see it. November 22d we commence with "Tearless Grief" (poetry), the opening paper of an article on "Voltaire," by *Æquitas* (the editor-in-chief), "The Future of the American Republic," by Jas. Norfleet, a Freshman student, "Read This, Please," a lengthy article on literary composition, by one of ourselves. Any encyclopedia here? Can't see where it comes in. Our number for November 29th begins with the first of Old Solium's "Short Poems for the Young," "Music—Its Influence and Effects Universal," by Miss E. K., St. Mary's Academy, "The Age of the World," and "A Little Mirror." Any encyclopedia matter there? Can't see it. The number for December the 6th opens with a poem, "E. de M.," by our esteemed friend the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., Editor of *The Irish Monthly*, continuation of "Voltaire," "William Wordsworth," by Frank W. Blom ('81), "The Christmas Holidays," "The Entertainment," "Copernicus and His Work on Astronomy." Perhaps the *Index* man may see a tinge of the encyclopedia in the latter article, but if he writes as good articles for the *Index* they will not be refused. The number for December the 13th opens with a short poem, "Life Clouds," "A Trip to Jerusalem—Leaves from an Unpublished Journal," which journal was placed at the editor's disposal by a friend who formed one of the party; next comes an article on "Penmanship," by M., an editorial on "THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL," and another entitled "Mr. Froude Redivivus,"—will the *Index* man dare assert that there is any cut-and-dried encyclopedia matter in any of these—and, if so, where is it? Is there any such cut-and-dried

matter in any of the numbers above mentioned—covering a space of nearly two months? Further, we would be willing to push the examination back through the last year, and the year before, and the year before that, with the same result—to the credit of our paper and its contributors, and to the disgrace of the libeller. Will the exchange editor of the *Index* now put up, or shut up? Will he attempt to make good his scurvy charge, or—if he has a spark of manliness in him—make an apology for the slander on our contributors? We thought the trouncings given the *Index* exchange man by the *Georgetown College Journal* last year would have done him some benefit, if not worked his conversion, but this libel on the SCHOLASTIC contributors proves him as green-eyed and cynical as ever,—turning good into evil, and where evil really exists, not seeing it at all. That's the *Index* exchange editor for you—a man whom *The Chronicle* describes, in substance, as the "fellow who rudely sticks the butt of his quill in everybody's face." If he thinks he can elevate himself by depreciating others, he is much mistaken; he is but earning the contempt of everyone. Taken all in all, he is a fitter disciple for a certain other man in Geneva, than of the gentle St. Francis of Sales. We regret the necessity of writing this, but justice to our contributors forces us to take up their defense. We fear we are not yet done with this libeller. The foregoing is but a taste of what we have in store for him. If he be still incorrigible, we have still some hope left of making him see himself as he really is, and as others see him.

New Publications.

THE IRISH AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1880. Calculated for use throughout all parts of the United States. New York: Lynch, Cole, & Meehan, 12 Warren St. Price, 25 cents.

This is an almanac—that is, it has the calendars astronomical tables and information usually given in the best almanacs,—but it is more than an almanac, as it has also 95 pages of choice reading matter, and to our view the interest of the reading matter throws in the shade the usefulness of the calendars, etc. One article alone, "The Irish Round Towers," is worth more than the price of the book. If any one has 75 cents to spare, we advise him (if he will not give it to the poor) to send without delay for a copy of THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL (J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.,) *The Catholic Family Annual* (9 Barclay St., New York), and *The Irish American Almanac* for 1880.

PRELUDES. By Maurice F. Egan. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 817 Arch Street.

"He who gives gracefully, gives twice," says an old proverb, of which various readings prevail; and we think we may say that in this little book of poems "published to aid in the rebuilding of the University of Notre Dame," the old proverb has been abundantly verified. Many of the poems, as our readers must be aware, have already appeared in print, both in the *Ave Maria* and in *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's* and other popular magazines. Maurice F. Egan has made an effective study of the sonnet, that most difficult species of composition—difficult both in matter and form. It is needless to say that he has succeeded. His sonnets are all gems, but those entitled "Maurice de Guérin," "Troubled Souls," and "Cui Bono," are "of purest ray serene." Sonnets to the number of forty-one fill the first part of the book, and then follow some short poems, of which "Hylas" is the longest and perhaps the most beautiful, although we are inclined to prefer "Between the Lights," in which the vivid description of the gorgeous, ever-changing hues and forms of sunset clouds, is attractive even to those who turn but a casual eye to the flitting charms of nature. The book closes with a choice selection of songs, the best of which, regarding it as a song, we will venture to call the fifth of the series, entitled "Like a Lilac." Some of the others, no doubt, are better as poems—such as No. 7, "A Rhapsody," and No. 8, "Drifting," but they do not suggest singing when one reads them. Maurice Egan's thoughts run in channels too deep for lyric poetry. His "Swedish Legend" is an example of what we mean. It has the form of a song, but the spirit of a hymn. "Jean Renaud," however, is a very fine example

of the old plaintive ballad. But we have said enough of the contents of this beautiful little book. The author is too favorably known to need our humble praise. The exterior is elegant and attractive, and it will be found eminently suitable for the time of the year at which it appears.

College Gossip.

- Cornell has 403 students.
- Princeton talks of having an artificial lake for boating.
- Brunonian*.
- Harvard is to have a professorship of architecture.—*Niagara Index*.
- Wellesley has just received a present of twelve compound microscopes.
- Two hundred of the two hundred and fifty colleges in this country publish papers.
- England has four Universities; Spain has ten; France, fifteen; Germany, twenty-two.
- Tennyson, the poet laureate, smokes so much that he is sometimes spoken of as the *baccalaureate*.—*Ex*.
- Tutor—"Now Mr. Y., you may translate from *pone*." Startled Freshman—"I—I don't use one, sir."—*Ex*.
- A legacy of \$10,000 was recently bequeathed to Roanoke College by Mr. Persinger, deceased.—*Niagara Index*.
- Prof. in English Literature; "I will now show you some exceptional feet; Mr. X., will you please come forward."—*Cornell Era*.
- December the 5th, ult., was the fifteenth anniversary of the building of the Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, Suspension Bridge, New York.
- Nearly all the State Universities, and the colleges and universities under the control of the Methodist church, are co-educational.—*Kenyon Advance*.
- The Governor General of Canada has presented a silver medal to be competed for by the pupils of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ontario.
- One student of Chinese has appeared at Harvard, and he a German. The celestial professor at Yale has not had a student for two years.—*Brunonian*.
- At Trinity the sum of \$200 has been subscribed by the class of '82 for grading and arranging a portion of the campus for athletic sports.—*Brunonian*.
- Geo. Munroe, of New York, has provided for a chair of Physics in Dalhousie College. Dr. McGregor, a graduate, has been appointed to fill the position.
- Five hundred dollars have been subscribed by citizens of Beloit, towards the better establishment of the chairs of chemistry and geology in the college.—*Round Table*.
- Indignant Senior (expatiating on dishonesty of wash-women): "Why, I've lost half my clothes this term—(enumerates)—a shirt, two collars, and one stocking."—*Princetonian*.
- The *Acta's* "horse" will, we fear, be run to death. He has for months been passing around from college to college, and the latest accounts had him still on the trot. An active pony.
- The average annual expenses of a student at Harvard, Yale, or Columbia is \$800; Princeton, \$600; Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, or Williams, \$500; Hamilton, \$450; and Michigan University, \$370.—*Dickinson Liberal*.
- The rumor that Mgr. Kirby, the venerable Rector of the Irish College at Rome, had resigned, was a false one, and probably arose from the fact of the resignation of the Vice-Rector, Rev. John Egan, on account of declining health.
- The Empress of Austria has presented Maynooth College, which she visited during her recent hunting excursion in Ireland, an equestrian statuette in solid silver, eighteen inches high and weighing 34lbs., representing the symbolic encounter of St. George and the dragon.
- Instructor in Astronomy:—"And now, young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of

the planets, the champion planet, so to speak, of our solar system?" Student—"I can, sir; its Saturn." Instructor, hesitatingly—"And how is that, pray?" "Student,— "Why, because he carries the belt."

—The awakened interest in Celtic literature is remarkable and promising. Last year the University of Edinburgh established a Celtic chair, and we learn that the University of Paris will follow suit in 1880. After Irish and Scotch scholars, the deepest studies and researches in Celtic lore were made by eminent German scholars, Prof. —. We recently heard a rumor, that a chair of Celtic was to be established here at the University of Notre Dame.

—The London *Standard* doubts whether the supply of senior wranglers at the University of Cambridge is not in danger of exceeding the demand, and says it is melancholy to think how many men are year after year sacrificed to the pursuit of mathematical honors. If they miss the fellowship to which they aspire, they have nothing better to fall back upon than teaching Euclid and algebra to school-boys. The conviction seems to be general in England that a high class education is of use to those only who have not to get their bread by it.

—The literary exercises for the present scholastic year at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., opened on Wednesday, Dec. 3d, with the semi annual debate, which, we understand, was a very brilliant entertainment. The train from New York brought out a large number of visitors. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Vicar-General, Quinn, Mgr. Seton, Fathers Hudon, Ward, Moriarty, McEvoy, Bobier, McElhinney and Hurley; Brother Anthony, of Manhattan College; Judges Donohue and Shea; the Marquis de Talleyrand, and Mr. John Savage.

—The first number of *The University* (the new paper at the University of Michigan) has an article on public hissing from which it appears that some of the female clerical students were hissed, when leaving the class-room, by those of the sterner sex. The writer in *The University* very justly rates them for their rude behavior. He says that a man should never hiss a woman, no matter how low she may have fallen. That is very true. And, he might have added, a civilized community should not force young lady students into positions where they are exposed to be insulted. If co-education is permitted at public universities it should be after the manner of Harvard, with separate class-rooms for the ladies. The way in which the affair is managed at most of the co-educational institutions is simply putting them on a level with the street car, and we should judge a lady must have a good deal of courage or a good deal of brass to face the ordeal.

—We learn from *The Brunonian* that the corner-stone of Brown University was laid on the 14th of May, 1770. "The institution," says *The Brunonian*, "was intended to be strictly orthodox, accordingly everything must be done in the orthodox fashion of the times; punch flowed freely at the foundation ceremonies, and no less than thirty gallons of New England rum were dispensed to the laborers while engaged in the work." The College was finished near the close of the year and immediately occupied by the students. In the winter of '76 the building was turned into barracks for the militia, and, later on, into a military hospital. This continued for nearly three years. In 1780 it was asked for by Gen. de Corny, on behalf of the French Government, our ally in the Revolutionary War, for use as a hospital for his wounded soldiers. The request was granted; the students once more were compelled to evacuate the premises, and the tricolor waved from the top of the old belfry. After the departure of the French, some indemnity was obtained for the injuries done the building by the troops, and in 1822 it became known as University Hall. Among the sophomoric antics in the old halls, the favorite amusement at one time was the rolling of cannon balls down the stairs, and an old doctor who came to see what the matter was, narrowly escaped having one dropped on his head. In 1842, during what was known as the Dorr War, the city of Providence was placed under martial law, and the college was again, and for the third time, occupied by troops, but for only a short time, as the troubles soon ceased. Brown University is now in the foremost rank of American educational institutions.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, January 3, 1880.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the THIRTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

The New Year.

Since our last publication, Old Seventy-Nine has gathered together all his joys and sorrows; a record of all our actions, good and bad, and the varied events marking his career and having shouldered his burden, and bade us farewell, has set forth, cheered on by the exceeding happiness that marks his last few days, to join the great army of years gone by. Gone, indeed, forever—to be recalled never, except it be in the remembrance of some past scene we would in vain desire to enjoy again. To take his place in the present time, the world has been greeted by bright young 1880, who stands with smiling countenance, well laden with the precious gifts of fondest hopes and brightest expectations which he disperses with a bountiful hand.

This change of years—this period when the departing year places his seal upon the record of our actions, and the bright New Year opens another to be filled with those of the future, is of great importance to all, and affords matter for the most serious reflection. It leads us to ask ourselves what has that old year gone by carried off in its irrevocable record concerning me, and what shall my record be in the one just opened by its successor?—a question answerable only by ourselves; for, after all, it depends entirely upon our wills and actions—it is simply to ask and answer what have I done in the past, and what will I do in the future? Even though we realize and know that it is beyond our power to enter into the deep recesses of the past and change the nature of one single act committed, yet a meditation upon our past lives is indeed wholesome, in so much as it prompts us to good resolutions for the future. If we find, upon reflection, that our course has been that pointed out by the hands of virtue and industry, and marked by the continued doing of good unto others as well as ourselves, then will our hearts be filled with joy; we will be impressed more deeply with the real happiness of a good life, and feel an invigorated confidence and deter-

mination to continue in the life of virtue. But if, on the contrary, we find that we have during the year, yielded more or less to the treacherous allurements of idleness, dissipation, and sin, that we have neglected our duties and given away to a sort of recklessness in our general deportment, then we should look to the future, and reflect sincerely upon the unspeakable misery it is sure to bring upon a continuation of such conduct, and the valuable opportunities it offers for a reformation of our ways. We should consider every moment of its precious time as special blessings from Heaven, and use them accordingly, both in forming, and carrying out with decision and promptness sincere resolutions to battle and overcome all the temptations that may assail us, and commence a new life upon the strictly virtuous plan. But here—we did not intend upon starting out, anything of the sermonical order, and we fear we have deviated somewhat from our intention, which was simply to give to all our friends the happy greeting appropriate to this season. Of course it was impossible for us to do so upon the day that marked the opening of the new year, as is usually done; however, we do not consider ourselves late; for after all it is not a happy New Year's day we would wish—although we do hope that it was, to all, replete with joy,—but to wish that all the days of the year just barely commenced, will afford the same amount of happiness. To all, then, we wish in its broadest and truest sense

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Christmas at Notre Dame.

With what unspeakable joy is not the heart of every Christian filled at the mere mention of the word Christmas! With what indescribable eagerness do not all nations await its advent! The hoary old man, whose sun of life is fast sinking below the horizon, appears to become once more invigorated, and assumes that spirit of vitality, of which youth alone is the happy possessor. He chats and laughs with as much mirth, and frivolity as when "in the halcyon days of yore" surrounded by bright, young and happy companions, "the days seemed to be of but an hour's duration." The young man, too, battling manfully with the ups and downs of the world, hails with delight the advent of those Christmas times, during which he may take a short respite from that constant struggle which he is having with the world in order that he may acquire wealth and honor, and still preserve his integrity. But with what rapturous enthusiasm, unsullied joy, and happiness supreme, do not little children, whose hearts have as yet remained uncontaminated by the foul breath of sin, welcome this glorious festival? For them, it is a day on which every innocent desire must be gratified. This is the day to which they have been looking forward with anxious expectation for a whole year, and upon which all their happiest thoughts have been concentrated. It is the day on whose eve "Santa Claus" will mysteriously visit their sleeping apartments, and, while they sleep and dream of him, fill the stockings which they have hung up in anticipation of his arrival, with Christmas gifts, which will fill their hearts with joy on the morrow. Who is there that has not been visited by "Santa Claus" in the manner just described? If there be one reader of this article that says he has never been, to him I say—"you have not experi-

enced one of the most happy moments of life—among life's most happy reminiscences there is this one which you can never recall."

To the hard-working student, Christmas is also a time of joy. Separated as he has been for four long months from those who are nearest and dearest to him on earth—from father, mother, brothers, sisters, and kind friends, he is o'erjoyed to think that on this day, he can again enjoy the society of dear ones for a few days, and then, return refreshed both in mind and body, to pursue those studies which will in time enable him to meet and successfully overcome every obstacle to future happiness and prosperity. Christmas, then, is a day of universal joy, and is universally kept. And at Notre Dame, which geographically considered, is but an infinitesimal part of this vast globe, Christmas was duly celebrated. As our limited space will not allow us to chronicle every event which transpired on that day, let it suffice to say that the Seniors, Juniors, and ever-happy Minims enjoyed themselves to their hearts content. As has always been the custom here, Solemn Midnight Mass was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart with all the pomp and splendor which the solemnity of the occasion requires. It was really a grand sight, and one not easily forgotten, to behold the magnificent bronzed altar ablaze with the lights of the many candles upon it, and from the reflection of those in the many chandeliers, and from the many sanctuary lamps which adorn the Sanctuary. Then, the long procession of the clergy and celebrant, preceded by eighteen acolytes, as they wended their way from the sacristy to the high altar, 'mid the melodious strains of one of the largest organs in America, made an impression on the senses of all present which time will fail to wholly eradicate. The celebrant was Very Rev. Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Louage as deacon and subdeacon.

On Christmas Day, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dufal, of Galveston, Texas, who has been visiting our University, assisted by Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Fathers Louage and L'Etourneau. The choir under the able instruction of Rev. Father Frère, had practiced a Mass in four parts, which they rendered at this Mass in a very satisfactory manner. Rev. Father Walsh preached a very impressive sermon on the Birth of Christ. After Mass all repaired to the refectory where ample justice was done to the good things with which the dinner table was crowded. Vespers, which was sung by the Bishop, terminated the religious celebration of the day. The evening was pleasantly passed by the students, who amused themselves in many ways and managed to have a good time generally.

May we enjoy many a merry Christmas *ad multos annos*.

—It is especially encouraging to one who can command but few external advantages, to reflect that he is by no means dependent upon them for his success in life. It is true that the best results may be expected where a strong self-energy comes under instruction and wise guidance; but while the latter alone can do nothing, the former alone can do much. Besides, it is never quite alone. Capacity and industry always find appreciation and help, and are apt to make themselves all the more useful for their scarcity. All young persons especially can be, and should resolve to be, self-made.

Rev. E. I. Lilly, C. S. C.

On New Year's Day, 1880, the Band played a dead march in the funeral procession of their Leader—the March he had himself arranged a little more than a year before for George Sampson. So closed a life of promise—a life of innocence—a life short in years; but long if measured by its acts of virtue.

Twenty years ago a rosy-cheeked boy took the premium of honor in the Junior Department. "First honors" were not given then, as they are now; but at a convenient time before the close of the Scholastic Year, the boys of each department met and wrote on ballots the names of those among their number who deserved the most praise. The Faculty subsequently met and confirmed the choice made by the students, unless grave reasons were found to outweigh it. Thus it happened that by the unanimous choice of his comrades and teachers, in the year 1860, EDWARD I. LILLY received the chief reward to be gained in his department.

He was one of the youngest and most delicate boys of the department. His talents for music were remarkable and early developed; but like all in whom one faculty stands pre-eminent, he found much labor in applying himself to other branches of study. Nevertheless, by diligence and desire to please his mother, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his teachers.

From the Junior Department of the University he passed to Father Granger's Novitiate, as the building now known as the Scholasticate was then called. At that time it was probably the most beautiful spot within the college precinct. The fashion of trimming and clipping had not then asserted itself. The building was concealed from view by the surrounding shrubbery, amid which beautiful flower gardens blossomed, whose cultivation formed the recreation of the happy inmates of the house, all of them young aspirants to Holy Orders, although in quite various degrees of advancement. Some had finished their studies, and awaited only the completion of the canonical age for ordination. Others were in the midst of their theology, and others had barely commenced the humanities. Such was the home and such the companions of Father Lilly's boyhood. The companion nearest to himself in age—Mr. Joseph Healy, went before him many years ago, to the further shore of the unknown river, and is now, we trust, welcoming him amid the glories of a happier home.

In 1867 Father Lilly returned to the University as Professor of Music, a position he has held ever since, and up to the time of his decease. In 1872 he was ordained. He had of late years undertaken the leadership of the Notre Dame University Cornet Band, and had endeared himself to its members by his amiability, at the same time that he won their admiration for his musical genius. The office is an arduous one, including the composition and arrangement as well as the selection of music, and Father Lilly's purity of taste was often dissatisfied with what seemed perfection to the ordinary ear. He was frequently, also, obliged to suspend his practice owing to weakness of the lungs, for he had always been delicate. In such intervals he devoted himself to string instruments and organ music, in which he was always most successful. The large organ in the Church of the Sacred Heart has frequently throbbed beneath his masterly hand, and thrilled the congregation with those sentiments of awe and admiration which musical genius, guided by true piety, and operating on that noble instrument whose

invention is worthily ascribed to a Virgin Martyr, can alone excite.

The great catastrophe which destroyed our former college buildings, was in some degree the accelerating cause of Father Lilly's death. Of an excitable temperament, and anxious to save the valuable instruments that were exposed to danger, he over-exerted himself, nor would he even then take the care of his health that its delicacy demanded. During the ensuing summer he worked with the men that were rebuilding the college, amid the dust and confusion of the vast brick-pile. Finally, consumption set in, and he was confined to the house. When the boys returned in September, the loss of the leader of the band was felt more than any of the necessary trials incident to a residence in an unfinished abode. Still it was hoped he would recover. Not until the end approached did his friends give up all hope.

Rev. E. I. Lilly was born in 1845, at Lancaster, Ohio, and died Dec. 30, 1879, in his room in the Presbytery at Notre Dame, being thirty-four years old. His family is from the western part of Sussex, England, and musical talent is an hereditary privilege with them. His grandmother, Mrs. Redman, now residing at St. Mary's Academy, together with his mother and sister, who are religious of the Congregation of Holy Cross, are alike distinguished for musical taste and skill. In him Notre Dame has lost not only a favorite child, but one of the co-operators of her era of early progress. May he rest in peace.

Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

In Professor Proctor's justly celebrated lecture on Astrology he makes a singular mistake. Having given the astrological order of the planets, as established by the Egyptians, by comparison of the relative swiftness of their apparent motions among the fixed stars, as follows: the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; he proceeds:

"Again, the planets were supposed to have special influence on the seven ages of human life. The infant 'mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,' was very appropriately dedicated to the moist moon; the whining schoolboy (did schoolboys whine in the days of good Queen Bess?) was less appropriately assigned to Mercury, the patron of those who eagerly seek after knowledge; then, very naturally, the lover sighing like furnace was regarded as the special favorite of Venus. Thus far the order has been that of the seven planets of the ancient astrology, in supposed distance. Now, however, we have to pass over the sun, finding Mars the patron of mid-life, appropriately (in this respect) presiding over the soldier full of strange oaths, and so forth; the 'justice in fair round belly with good capon lined' is watched over by the respectable sun; maturer age by Jupiter; and lastly old age, by Saturn."

Now, what is there "jovial" about the "lean and slippered pantaloons, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side; his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide," etc.? Is not the gentleman indisputably saturnine? And "second childishness, and mere oblivion,"—why should it be under a different planetary influence from the first childishness? It belongs also to the moon. What, then, is to become of Jupiter? Is he to be left out? No; give him the "justice, with fair round belly," etc., and leave out Apollo, who would never preside over so obese and inartistic a personage.

And why must the Sun be left out? Is not one of the seven ages beneath his influence? One of the seven, yes; but not one of Shakspeare's seven. The character into whose mouth Shakspeare puts the lines in question, is disposed to take a cynical view of human life. For him, infancy is without tenderness, and old age without honor. Manhood, accordingly, is robbed of its prime—that happy period which follows the subsidence of boyish passions and precedes the imperious desire to rule his fellow-men, which is apt to prevail as the freshness of life passes away. This interval between the age of Venus and that of Mars is governed by the Sun, and the established order of the seven planets is maintained throughout. After old age has passed its saturnine period, the series may begin again. That is, if humanity exceed the term of three-score years and ten, designed for its earthly sojourn, an eighth age, under the dominion of the moon, will supervene. This age Shakspeare has made the seventh, omitting the fourth of the regular series. Observe, how naturally the astrological character ascribed to the different planets now fits each,—Mercury not excepted, for the schoolboy is ever eager in the acquisition of knowledge, although perhaps not of the kind of knowledge that his teachers think best adapted to his needs. If a man survive the influence of the moon which is exercised in bringing about his "second childishness," the reign of Mercury again begins,—the storehouse of memory, although closed awhile by "mere oblivion," is reopened, and the venerable counsellor becomes the benefactor and delight of the rising generation.

Personal.

—Mr. E. G. Ohmer, of '72, is now in business for himself at Fargo, Dakota Ter., and doing well, which all his old friends will be glad to hear.

—Mrs. Clara Semmes Fitzgerald, from whom a very pleasant and welcome letter was received on New Year's Day, sends kindest regards to all her friends at Notre Dame.

—Rev. Father Carrier, C. S. C., desires to be affectionately remembered to all his old-time friends at Notre Dame. His health is excellent. He still continues a professor at St. Laurent College where he is much beloved.

—We had a call this week from our old and esteemed friend T. M. O'Leary, of '75, who is as genial and jovial as ever. Dull care doesn't seem to worry him in the least. Tom is still engaged in teaching the young idea how to sprout and make a healthy growth at Middletown, Ohio, and is quite successful as a teacher.

—The Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of La Porte, proverbial for being late at train time, accomplished a remarkable feat a few days ago. The train for Plymouth leaves La Porte 10.20 a. m. Father Sullivan was Plymouth-bound; he left the post-office block at 10.23 a. m., having to run (as usual) the remaining distance to the depot, 993 feet, and 11 inches, and to the surprise of all who watched the effort, he beat the train, *which was ten minutes late!* This is called the fastest time on record.

—Rev. Father Knox, of the diocese of St. Johns, New Brunswick, and an old student of Memramcooke, N. B., has been spending the holidays at Notre Dame among both his old friends, and the many new ones he has made since coming. At the High Mass of Sunday last, he favored us with a beautiful and very pointed sermon upon the infinite merits of the Precious Blood and the great devotion that should be given to it. The discourse was indeed both interesting and instructive. We hope that the visits of Father Knox may be frequent.

—A joyful surprise is but a weak expression of the pleasure we felt on entering a room in the College one day this week, and beholding there the genial face of good Bro.

Alban, from Watertown, Wis. A multitude of happy remembrances of days spent with and under him rushed to our mind in a second. Our only sorrow, was that he had but one day to spend with us. Of course he was kept busy running around among his friends, for he has a host of them, who were delighted to see him. We hope he will come again soon, and that we may have more time to visit with him.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke was raised to the dignity of the priesthood last week at St. Joseph's Cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Burgess, of Detroit. The conferring of Minor Orders took place on Wednesday, subdeaconship on Thursday, deaconship on Friday, and priesthood on Saturday. On the latter day the church was filled by a large concourse of people gathered together to witness the ever-interesting ceremony of ordination, and at the close of Mass to receive the first blessing of the newly-ordained, one who had grown up from childhood in their midst. The Bishop was assisted at the ceremony by Very Rev. N. A. Gallagher, of the Cathedral, and Rev. C. Reilly, S. T. D., of Detroit. The following priests were also present in the sanctuary: Fathers Meara, Mulhane and Hannan of the Cathedral, Madden and McGuirk of St. Patrick's, Ahrens of Holy Cross, Specht of St. Mary's, Hayes of Holy Family, Goldschmidt of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Jessing of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Campbell of Dennison, Fitzgerald of McCluny, Weisinger of Straitsville.—*Catholic Columbian*.

The above, we are sure, will be grateful news to the students of '67-'74, to all of whom Father Clarke was so favorably known as a student and professor. As a student, he was esteemed and loved by all, and each annual commencement distinguished himself by carrying off the highest honors in class and conduct. As a professor, he won the affection and confidence of his co-laborers and pupils by his affable manners, and the zeal with which he gave himself to his work. In Father Clarke, the diocese of Columbus has a worthy priest, as he has ever shown himself to be a fervent Christian, an accomplished scholar, and a polished gentleman. Without being a prophet we can unhesitatingly say, that if God grants him life and health, he is destined to do great good, whatever may be his sphere of action. He is, and ever has been, an honor to his *Alma Mater*, and Notre Dame justly feels proud of him.

Local Items.

- "Guess who's in town?"
- The moonlight excursion was enjoyed by all.
- Christmas and New Year's boxes by the score.
- Bro. Alban reported all well and happy at Watertown.
- B. Thomas "set them up" on Christmas and New Year's.
- Alec and Mergy gave entire satisfaction during the holidays.
- The St. Cecilians return thanks to Bros. Leander and Simon, C. S. C., for kind favors.
- Masters O. Farrelly and J. Cabel were the head servers on Christmas Day.
- The Buckeyes beat the Michiganders in a game of handball during the holidays.
- The Guardian Angels presented a fine appearance on Christmas Day. They served well.
- The Rev. Prefect of Discipline, Bros. Theodore and Leander accompanied the boys to Chicago.
- The Juniors return their sincere thanks to the members of the faculty for favors received during the holidays.
- Master J. Guthrie had a pleasant trip to the St. Joe Farm, with a member of the faculty, on Monday last.
- Santa Claus paid his annual visit to the Minims on Christmas Eve and found them ready with stockings hanging.
- Nearly all the students who remained during the holidays obtained permission to make at least one visit to South Bend.
- The St. Cecilia Philomathean Society tender Prof. J.

F. Edwards many thanks for favors received at the last Entertainment.

—Santa Claus's stock of presents must have been exhausted when he reached the second Junior dormitory, as only two were favored with gifts.

—Master J. Gibbons deserves special mention for the efficient manner in which he discharged his duty as censor-bearer at the Pontifical High Mass on Christmas Day.

—Mr. M. J. Burns, of Ada, Mich., had the best bulletin for the month of December. A. Rock, of Lincoln, Ill., second best; and R. E. Fleming, Henderson, Ky., third best.

—The *South Bend Tribune's* kind notice of "Preludes," which was handed in during Rev. Father Hudson's absence, passed without catching his eye. Such things rarely escape him.

—Mr. J. J. McGrath, No. 174 and 176 State Street, Chicago, has a unanimous vote of thanks from the St. Cecilians for a beautiful Christmas present for their Society-room.

—The Minims drove out to the farm on Monday last. The other departments would probably have gone and done likewise had they not lost too much valuable time in waiting for that snow-storm that never came.

—During the holidays we had the pleasure of a visit from Bro. Alban who, both as prefect and teacher, is so favorably remembered at Notre Dame. Bro. Alban is at present stationed at the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis.

—Among those parents who visited their sons here during the holidays were Mrs. Droste and daughter of Cincinnati, Mr. E. D. Bannister and wife, of Laurencburgh, Ind., Mrs. John R. Kelly, of Washington, D. C., Mr. A. Molander, of Chicago, Ill.

—The skating on both lakes was very fine during the holidays, and afforded those who remained at the College no end of enjoyment. A good fall of snow was anxiously looked for, as the boys wished to take a good sleigh-ride, but unfortunately they were disappointed.

—The SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for 1880, Prof. J. A. Lyons's spicy little production, is out. It contains valuable information and choice original and selected miscellany. Send for a copy to (J. A. Lyons) the University of Notre Dame; price 25 cents.—*Western Home Journal Detroit*.

—Bro. Theodore, prefect of the Senior Department, spent the greater part of the holidays at his home in Watertown, Wis. He reports the college to be in a prosperous condition. Father Colovin, so well known and favorably remembered at Notre Dame, is at present in charge of both parish and college.

—Nearly every evening, for the past fortnight, the Seniors have "tripped the light fantastic" in the rotunda. Mr. J. B. Berteling always seemed to be the leading spirit in urging them to "on with the dance." The music was furnished by Mr. J. B. McGrath, who certainly deserves the thanks of his fellow-students for the obliging disposition which he invariably displayed.

—An exceedingly sweet and beautiful holiday gift would be a little volume of Sonnets and Songs, under the title: "Preludes," by Maurice F. Egan, of Philadelphia, a charming poet. We receive it too late to notice it as we intend to do. And we are sorry we cannot tell even the price of it. It is published by P. F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

—Speaking of the *Scholastic Annual* for 1880, the *Catholic Columbian* says: "This is the fifth issue of this useful and entertaining annual. The number before us is in no way inferior to those that have preceded it, and shows that the compiler used every effort to make it as entertaining as it is instructive. It can be had by addressing as above; the price is 25 cts. per copy."

—Master Woodson, writing from St. Louis, and Master F. Leach, from Detroit, say that they are enjoying themselves immensely; but in the midst of their joy at home, their thoughts are frequently directed to their college-home and companions, to whom they desire to be remembered. Students like Guy and Frank who spend their time profitably at Notre Dame, will never forget their *Alma Mater*.

—On the 29th inst. the Minims made their usual Christmas holiday's excursion to the St. Joe Farm. The mild weather with which they were favored on the day in question, rendered the trip very enjoyable. Their nine mile ride out there, it is unnecessary to remark, caused all at dinner to do ample justice to the generous fare spread for their benefit by their kind friends of the prairie home-stead.

—Professor J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, sends us his well-known and popular *Scholastic Annual*, which is now in its fifth year. As usual, it is full of excellent matter and is in every way much superior to the ordinary almanacs of the day. We are sure that every friend of Notre Dame is also a friend of one of the most genial and cultivated of its faculty, and will aid in popularizing this little annual.—*Catholic Review*.

—The last number of *The Catholic Union*, of Buffalo, edited by Rev. Father Cronin, the priest and poet, has the following notice of Prof. Lyons's *Annual*: "The SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1880. By Prof. J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Ind. This is a bright and sparkling little annual. It contains seventy-six pages of wholesome, useful and entertaining matter. Professor Lyons makes a capital selection. A full almanac and calendar is given, and astrological predictions of a startling but humorous nature.

—The following compliment is paid Prof. Lyons's *Annual* by the editor of the newsy and spicy *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, Mo., a journal that keeps its place with the best:

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for the Year of Our Lord, 1880. By J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Ind. The fifth number of the pleasant little annual has some very interesting reading in it. True, most of it is compiled; but there are few who could compile with such taste and skill. The matter is also very agreeably alternated, grave and gay, serious and jocose. Altogether, it is what we can call a first-rate number. Price, 25 cents. For sale by P. Fox, 14 S. Fifth Street.

—Bro. Edward, C. S. C., has the thanks of the College Librarian for the following donations: The complete works of Flavius Josephus, the learned and authentic Jewish historian, translated by William Whiston, A. M.; "The Jesuits, their Studies and Teaching," by the Abbé Maynard; "The True and False Infalibility of the Popes," by Dr. Joseph Fessler; "The Vatican Decrees, in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," by Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster; Bishop Vaughan's Pastoral Letter—Submission to a Divine Teacher neither Disloyalty nor the Surrender of Mental and Moral Freedom;" Dr. Newman's Reply to Gladstone"; and Postscript to the latter, with Decrees and Canons of the Vatican Council.

—We are called upon to make the sad announcement of the death of Rev. E. Lilly, the musical instructor of Notre Dame, which occurred there last night. Father Lilly has been in delicate health for some time, from the effects of a cold which he contracted last July, while assisting in the rebuilding of the new College, in which he took an active part. He has since been failing, the disease taking the form of consumption. Father Lilly was an accomplished musician and a thoroughly cultured gentleman in every respect. He was possessed of a pleasant, cheerful disposition and his loss will be deeply felt by his associates, and the pupils of Notre Dame. His age was 34 years. Father Lilly was practically a child of Notre Dame, most of the years of his life been spent there. The funeral services will be held in the Church at Notre Dame to-morrow forenoon.—*South Bend Daily Tribune*.

—The handsomest tribute we have yet seen to Notre Dame is a volume from the Press of Cunningham & Son Philadelphia, published to aid in the rebuilding of the University. The author is the well known poet, Maurice F. Egan, whose dainty verses have given him a foremost place among the American poets. Mr. M. Egan says with Marryas in his preface, "Listen to my music if you will; but if you will not, at least drop something into my hand." No one can take up "Preludes" without reading its charming lines from beginning to end. None can fail to listen to their music, once hearing it, and afterwards he would be a niggard, indeed, who would not drop the wherewithal to give him ownership of the book and the same time aid in rebuilding an educational institu-

tion whose value cannot be estimated. Mr. Egan has dedicated his book to one of the best young men of the day, Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., the accomplished scholar and successful editor of *Ave Maria*, one of the leading Catholic magazines of the age.—*South-Bend Daily Tribune*.

—The Juniors were busily engaged during the greater part of the holidays in getting up a Christmas tree. The committee worked with a will, determined that their tree should equal at least, if it did not surpass that of last year; and they had reason to be more than satisfied with the success of their efforts. All the students of the department contributed liberally, and the members of the Faculty who had remained at the College during the holidays assisted in making it a success. The presents were drawn on Tuesday, Dec. 30th. The tree, which was a large one, was gaily decorated, and its branches fairly groaned beneath the weight of upwards of two hundred and seventy-five prizes. All the dainties and delicacies of the season appeared in profusion, besides a large number of books, toilet ornaments and toys, etc., without number. The prize which seemed to be looked upon as the most desirable fell to the share of Master Frank H. Grever of Cincinnati, Ohio. All things considered, we do not know any better means of occupying the attention of boys during the holidays than by interesting them in a Christmas tree. After the devoted prefects, Bros. Leander, and Lawrence, the principal credit of the success is, largely due to the energy of the members of the committee, Masters F. Grever, J. A. Gibbons, G. Foster, W. J. McCarthy, A. P. Perley, and A. S. Rock.

—PRELUDES. By Maurice F. Egan. (Published to aid in the rebuilding of the University of Notre Dame). Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 817 Arch Street. 1880.

Under this modest title, Mr. Egan has published a volume of excellent sonnets. We recognize in them the same characteristics, though farther developed and more mature than those which marked previous efforts—a genuine appreciation of the beautiful in nature, combined with insight into its spiritual meaning, and as resulting therefrom a sound, healthy moral element and purity of thought, which contrast broadly and most favorably with the shallow, mawkish, prurient sentimentalism of much of our modern poetry. Mr. Egan has evidently *grown* since his previous volume of poems was given to the public—grown in breadth and depth of sentiment, and in mastery over his own thoughts and ideas. With this has he come to more freedom and more power. We are glad to see in the poems which make up this volume an entire absence, so far as we as yet have read it, of those marks of haste which frequently show themselves in the productions of young writers. There is nothing of this that we have noticed. Each of the "Preludes" we have read are like carefully cut and polished precious stones. Mr. Egan is no mere versifier or poetaster. He has genuine poetic ability, and we feel sure that, life and health spared to him, he will make his mark among the poets of America.—*Catholic Standard, Phila.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The members of the Chemistry class have had a number of beautiful experiments lately.

—By mistake the name of Miss Woodin was omitted in the report of the Conservatory of Music of last week.

—Quite a number of pupils have gone to spend their Christmas and New Year's with dear friends at home.

—At the regular meeting of St. Gertrude's German Literary Society the reading was "Aus der Geschichte der Ägypter," "Die Verehrung der Todten," by Miss Geiser; and "Die Wichtelmänner," Grimm, by Miss Gall.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clotilde's French Literary Society the reading was "Haute Education intellectuelle," Mgr. Dupanloup. Very satisfactory accounts of

the reading were given by the Misses Silverthorne, Rosing and Annie McGrath.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior Department the reading was "A Little Sermon"—author not given,—by Miss I. Hackett; "*Politesse d'un roi*," by Miss S. Papin; "*Der Erlkönig*," by Miss Claffey; and "Once in David's Royal City," by Miss E. Hackett.

—Rev. Father Zahm, of the University, delivered a lecture on Wednesday at 5 o'clock p. m. Subject, electro-magnetism. Many interesting experiments were made by the Rev. lecturer. The constant close attention and eager interest of his audience must have gratified the speaker.

—Visitors: Mrs. Mayor Tong, Miss Tong, Miss Keedy, Mrs. Prof. Howard, Mrs. Johnson, P. E. Rupp, M. D., Mrs. Dr. Rupp, Mr. Clees, Mrs. Matthews, South Bend; Mr. Felipe Chaves, Belen, New Mexico; Rev. F. J. Abbott, Rev. J. P. Claffey, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Garrity, Mr. McPhelim, Mr. Guynn, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Klein, Mendon, Mich.; Mrs. Brown, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. McGary, Columbia, Ohio; Mr. McKiley, W. H. De Lapp, M. D., Muskegon, Mich.; Mr. Hambleton, Cuite, Ohio; Mr. Murphy, Clinton, Iowa; Mr. Julius, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Taylor, Goshen, Ind.; Miss Gavin, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. McCormick, Ada, Mich.; Miss Matthews, Waterbury Conn.

—An informal meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society was held on Monday. The Graduates were called upon for an original essay. "Reason, the Handmaid of Faith," written by the members of that class, was then read. The First Senior Class, an essay entitled, "The Dignity of Woman." Advice was given to the young ladies respecting the proper manner of spending the Christmas holidays. The nature of the great festival was cited, as the key-note to the proper spirit which should actuate all. Counsel, more especially adapted to those about to depart for their homes, in order to spend the Christmas season with their dear ones there to be united, was added; thoughtful affection for parents, brothers and sisters; consideration and delicate attention to everyone; visits to the poor and suffering, alms-giving, and acts of loving self-denial, were brought forward, as constituting the most acceptable gifts to proffer the Infant Prince of Peace, whose Birth we commemorate on Christmas Day.

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, Dillon, Keenan. 2D DIV.—Misses Gordon, Buck. 2D CLASS—Misses Neu, Usselman, Sullivan, Rosing, Killelea. 2D DIV.—Misses Kirchner, Campbell, Farrell, A. McGrath. 3D CLASS—Misses Hackley, Soloman, Callinan, I. Semmes, McGrath, Bassett, Gall. 2D DIV.—Misses Piersol, McMahon, Bruser, Roys, Mattingly, Dallas, Bischoff, Maloney, Wells, Cortright, Rheinhardt. 4TH CLASS—Misses Julius, Horner, Dennehy, Palmer, Woodin, A. Ewing, H. Hackett. 2D DIV.—Misses Price, Leydon, Cavenor, Mitchell, C. Campbell. 5TH CLASS—Misses Hamilton, Herrick, French, Van Namee, Fox, Otto. 2D DIV.—Misses C. Wathen, O'Neill, Dessaint, O'Connor, Casey, Claffey, Gavan, Orr, Keys, A. Dillon, Gibbons, Lancaster, Bannister, Legnard, Loeber, Danaher, Harrison, Hutchinson. 6TH CLASS—Misses S. Wathen, Lloyd, Gillen, C. Lancaster, E. Populorum, J. Wells, E. Dallas, Moxon, Kinzie, Populorum, Thompson, Tallman, Wall, Simms, Hammond, Neteler, M. Fitzgerald, Reutlinger, Stitzel. 2D DIV.—Misses Rasche, Barlow, McFadden, Fishburne, Duncan, Edelen, Murphy, Wright, Chirhart, Papin, Lemontey, Cox, Fleming, Moll, Ward, De Lapp, A. Ryan, Baroux, E. Ryan. 7TH CLASS—Misses Halloran, G. Taylor, Watson, Clarke, Smith, A. Taylor, Zimmerman, I. Hackett. 8TH CLASS—Misses E. Lloyd, Fisk. 9TH CLASS—Miss Carter. 10TH CLASS—Misses M. Baroux, McCloskey, M. Fitzgerald. HARP—Misses Galen, I. Semmes, Dillon. ORGAN—Misses S. Wathen, C. Wathen.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

2D CLASS—Misses Lancaster, Fox, C. Lancaster, Thompson, J. Wells. 3D CLASS—Misses Feehan, Baroux, Hammond, Winston, Barlow, B. Garrity.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Misses I. Semmes, Dessaint, Gavan, Sullivan, C. Campbell, Papin, Casey, Loeber. 3D CLASS—Misses Zahm, Otto.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Neteler, Hambleton, Joyce, Buck. 2D CLASS—Misses Cortright, Killelea, A. Ewing, Dillon, English, Dallas. 3D CLASS—Miss French.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Misses Roys, Simms, Bischoff, C.

Hackett, Lancaster, Hammond, A. Ryan, Gavan, Halloran, Keys, Edelen, Bruser, Donnelly, Tallman, McMahon, Murphy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—Misses C. Lancaster, A. Dillon, Hale, L. English, Rutlinger, Legnard, Van Namee, E. Populorum, McCloskey, C. Ryan, E. Ryan, Fishburne, Claffey, Duncan, Harrison, Clarke, Carter.

PLAIN SEWING.—Misses Gordon, A. Ewing, Sullivan, Reinhard, Horner, Bassett, and Atwood.

GENERAL MENDING.—1ST CLASS—Misses Usselman, Ewing, Gordon, C. Hackett, A. Ryan, Cortright, Rosing, Danaher, Moll. 2D CLASS—Misses McGrath, A. Ewing, Lloyd, Loeber, Donnelly, Bruser, Wright, Lancaster, O'Connor, Keena, M. Fitzgerald, Joyce, Maloney, Hambleton, Dillon, Bischoff and Soloman.

Tablet of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, McGrath, Ewing, Neteler, Cavenor, Sullivan, Ward, Ryan, Cortright, Rosing, A. Ewing, Quinn, Galen, Farrell, Danaher, Kirchner, Gordon, I. Semmes, A. McGrath, Lloyd, Dillon, Neu, Joyce, Herrick, Usselman, Otto, Mitchell, Winston, Geiser, Smith, O'Neill, Mattingly, Loeber, Fitzgerald, Dallas, Roys, Wells, Bischoff, Bruser, McMahon, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Palmer, Bassett, Zahm, Callinan, Campbell, Keys, Murphy, Hackley, Lancaster, Simms, Hamilton, Kinzie, Stitzel, Taylor, Gillen, Keena, Dessaint, Gavan, Baroux, Wright, Thompson, Hammond, McFadden, Horner, Rasche, Soloman, Reinhard, Halloran, Moxon, Edelen, Tallman, *par excellence*. Misses Woodin, Hackett, Donnelly, Bannister, De Lapp, Gall, Julius, Wall, Piersol, O'Connor, Price, Reynolds, Cox.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Claffey, Feehan, A. Dillon, Fox, C. Campbell, Orr, French, Populorum, Van Namee, S. Semmes, Casey, Leydon, Papin, Fishburne, B. Garrity, Wells, E. Dallas, Watson, Joseph, Moll, G. Taylor, McCloskey, Gibbons, C. Lancaster, Reutlinger, Legnard, Ginz, Paquette, Clarke, Hale, Harrison, Hutchison, Considine, Robinson, V. Orr, M. Baroux, *par excellence*. Misses Hackett, Lloyd, E. Ryan, C. Ryan, Carter, Fleming, Duncan, E. Populorum, I. Hackett.

Attorneys at Law.

SPEER & MITCHELL (N. S. Mitchell, of '72) Attorneys at Law, No. 225 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

THOMAS B. CLIFFORD (of '62). Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner for all the States, 20 Broadway (cor. Fulton), New York. Special attention given to Depositions.

JOHN F. McHUGH (of '72), Attorney at Law. Office 65 and 67 Columbia St., Lafayette, Ind.

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9 12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p.m.

4 50 and 4 p.m., Way Freight.

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5 05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a.m., Chicago 8 20 a.m.

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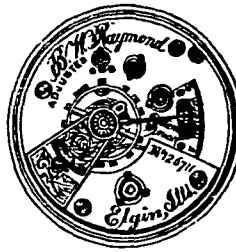
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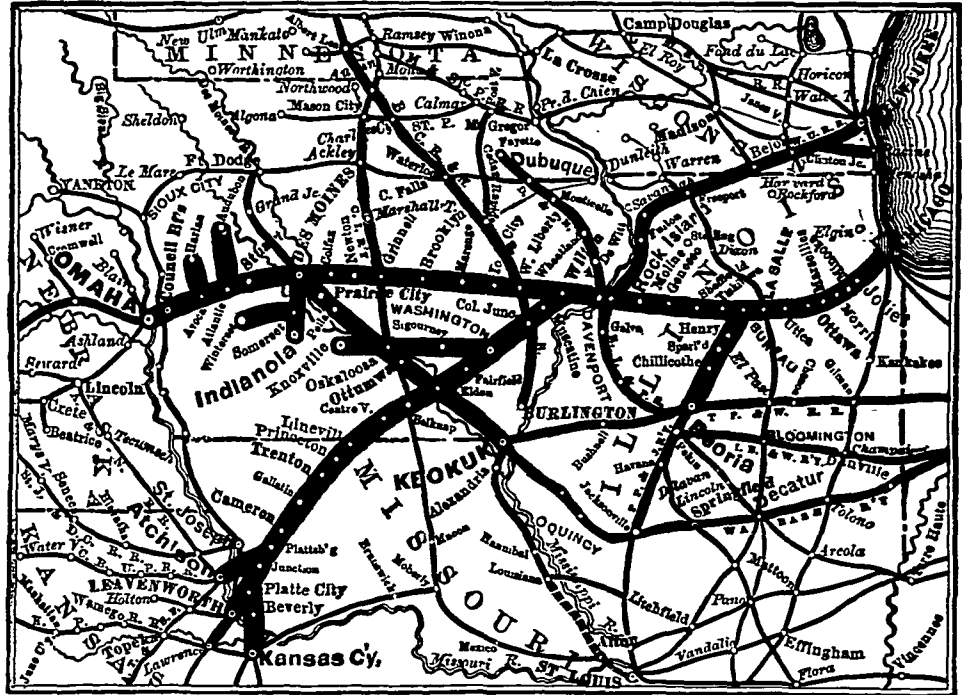
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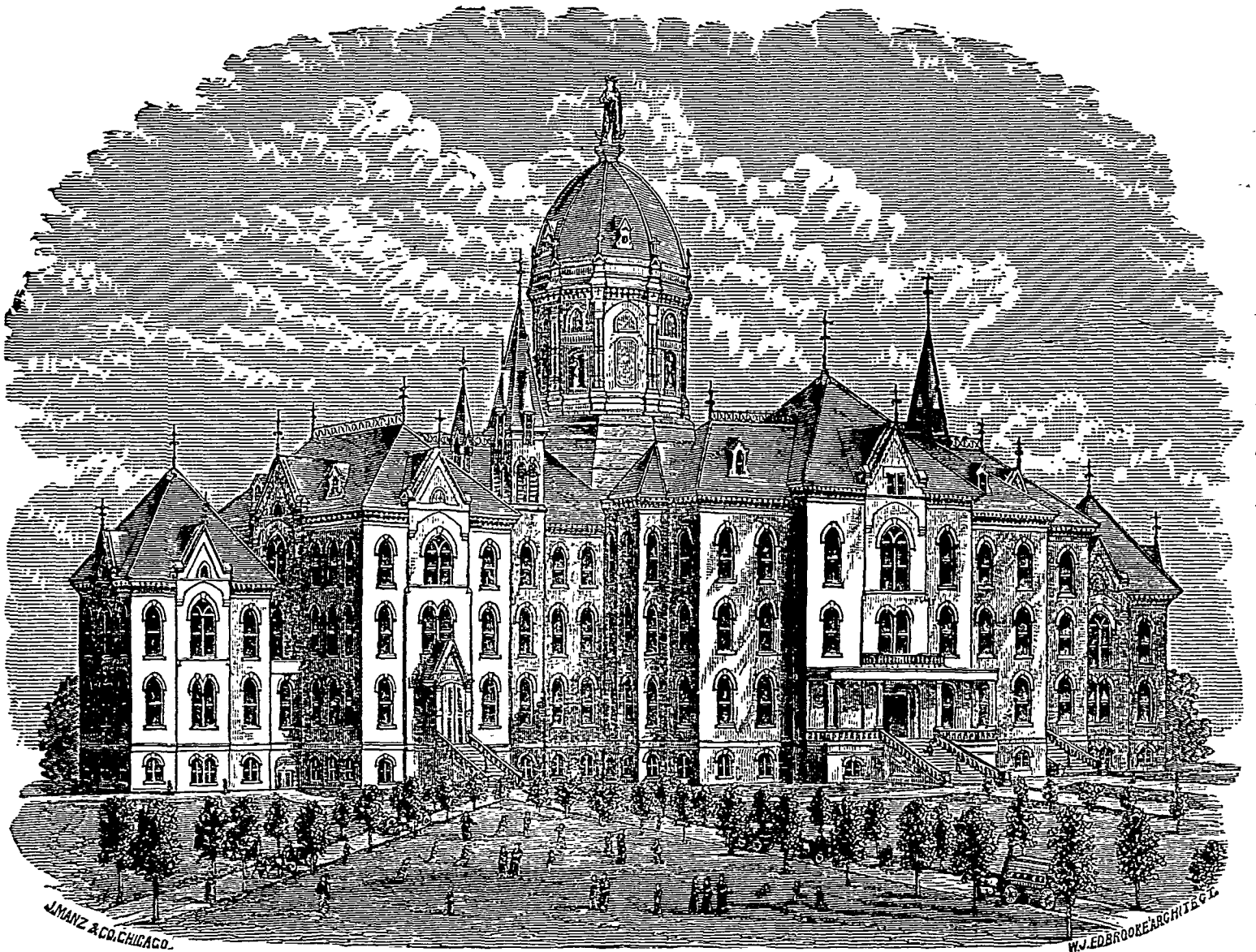
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